

GOOD SHORT STORIES

She Pronounced It Butter.

Senator Depeu contributes a butter story to the galaxy of nations.

"A friend of mine went into a high-class restaurant," he says, "and discovered a magnificent piece of butter. 'Come here,' he said to the waiter. 'Now do you pronounce it o-m-a-r-g-e-o-n-e?' And the intelligent servant of the magnificent piece of butter at once responded: 'I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job.'"—Washington Post.

Maggie's Apology.

William Pruetto, the singer, was one of a group of married men who were discussing housekeeping and servants the other evening in a Philadelphia hotel corridor. He told of a girl who served him and Mrs. Pruetto well enough while they were living in a New York flat several years ago, and who one day went to Mrs. Pruetto to ask for a few days' leave to go home for a few days, who had a telegram telling that her mother was ill.

"Of course, go," said Mrs. Pruetto.

"But, Maggie, do not stay longer than necessary. We need you."

Maggie promised to return as soon as possible, and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her; then came a note by mail, reading:

"Dear Miss Pruetto: I will be back next week on an impulse that my place for me, mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblige, Maggie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why Your Name Isn't Jones.

"Did you know that the Jones family was the oldest one in the world?" remarked Senator A. M. Jones, as he twisted his peddle about each other like a grapevine at the Hotel Pfister yesterday. "The old original name of red clay we read about in the Bible was named Adam Jones."

"How is it, Senator, if that is the case, that we are not all named Jones?" inquired a bystander.

"Why, simply because when one of the descendants did a mean act he went away and changed his name."

Then the little group of politicians lay back in their chairs and laughed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gillette Had No "Shamrock."

William Gillette, the great impersonator of Sherlock Holmes, who recently left London on a tour in the provinces, one summer hired a yacht. As he describes it, it was a craft without a rival in slow progression. With a few friends, he set sail, and proceeded upon a cruise. They kept close to the shore, and a week or two after they had left port were drifting lazily by a point of land at the end of which sat a solitary man fishing. In a few hours the boat had passed the point, and the fisherman was seen to rouse himself from his contemplation of his rod.

"Where're from?" he called genially.

"New York," replied Gillette, with a yachtman's pride.

"How long?"

"Sunday, August 1st."

The fisherman returned to his fishing, and the yacht kept on drifting. Some hours later there came a drizzling voice over the quiet water, and it asked:

"What year?"—Answers.

The King and the Tramp.

An amusing story of King Christian and an enterprising beggar is going the rounds of Copenhagen. The king takes his usual early morning walk, accompanied by Prince Waldemar and his favorite dog.

Recently, during one of these walks, a ragged man with all the typical cringing of a beggar, approached him.

"Well," said the king, "what is it?"

"Dear I ask your majesty for your portrait as a memento," said the beggar humbly.

Naturally the king was both surprised and pleased at this declaration of loyalty, but regretted that he did not carry his portrait about with him.

"Pardon me, your majesty," retorted the tramp, slyly, "if you will look in your purse you will probably find one."

The king, amazed at this novel way of asking for alms, gave the man two crowns, but the police, to whom such smartness does not commend itself, have duly "marked" the man.—London Express.

The Short Step Between.

"I was on the Paris when she ran on the rocks off the English coast, a couple of years ago," said a Philadelphia traveling man yesterday, "and in the panic that ensued there is one incident that stands out in my memory, illustrating the slender thread between the tragic and the ridiculous. We had a fellow on board who had managed to keep pretty well loaded all the way across, and when we struck the rocks he was in his usual condition. When everybody thought for sure we were going to the bottom he sat down at the piano in the saloon, and what do you suppose he began playing? 'Home, Sweet Home.' Somebody went to him and begged him to stop. Immediately he switched off from the doleful strains of the old song to the rollicking melody of 'Down Went McGinty.' The absurdity of the thing seemed to strike everybody at once, and a general laugh followed. The tension was relieved, and there was good order after that."—Philadelphia Record.

When the Empress Wept.

Some time ago the queen, then Princess of Wales, gave a luncheon on board the royal yacht, and among the royal personages present was the sad-eyed, beautiful Empress Eugenie, the dethroned empress of the French, who still grieved for the loss of her son, who was killed by the Zulus while he was fighting in South Africa.

"After lunch and during the idle hour before tea was served," says this lady, "the princess asked me if I would recite something. I had often recited for her royal highness before, but on this occasion she wished me to do so especially for the Empress Eugenie."

"I asked the princess if she had any choice as to what I should recite. She said no, but suggested one of the many characteristic little poems she had heard me recite before. So I decided to give 'Kentucky Belle.'"

"The empress was close to me. I saw the tears gradually, gather in her

great, sad eyes and fall silently down her pale cheeks. I had touched, and touched deeply, a chord. Her memory took her back to Africa, where her dead boy lay pierced to the heart by the spears of the savages.

"When the poem ended, the empress rose and coming up to me with tears in her eyes, folded me to her heart and, with a voice trembling with emotion, said: 'God bless you, my child! You have made me feel as I have never felt since my poor boy was killed. God bless you! I shall never forget this day!' Then she kissed me, and, drawing me to a seat by her, and holding my hand in hers, she talked to me for a long time in such a gentle, winning manner."—Answers.

Sir Henry and the Pickaninies.

During Sir Henry Irving's recent visit to New York, the distinguished actor had occasion to visit the Crittenden theater during an afternoon performance of "Du Barry." Passing the stage door he noticed a couple of pickaninies waiting there for admittance, and, his curiosity being excited, he accosted them and inquired what they might be doing there.

"Please, boss," replied one of them, a cool blackie of about 10, "we're actors."

"Indeed!" said Sir Henry, his stern features relaxing into a smile, "and what part do you play?"

"The little son of Ethiopia drew himself up proudly. 'I do footstep for Mrs. Leslie Carter,' he announced gravely; and, his curiosity being excited, he accosted them and inquired what they might be doing there."

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He Did Not Go Home With Her.

The peculiar ways of the American girl are little by little winning recognition even admiration, throughout the world. The time was when in continental European cruises she was resented in broad daylight whenever she happened to be out alone. Now she is generally understood to be safe until twilight. By and by, if a story is to be trusted that came in lately on a steamer from Italy, she will be shunned at midnight.

A particularly tall and fine looking young woman who was going home at twilight in Florence was spoken to by a young army officer. He was perhaps a native rather than over the rather ill-mannered Italian, and he spoke a monosyllable. He asked her if she might go home with her. She stopped short and looked him over from head to foot. Then she said:

"Yes, of course—you are afraid to go home alone."

Then she stood and faced him until he slunk off around the nearest corner.—New York Times.

Had a Cinch.

"They certainly know more about politics in Indiana than in any other state in the union," said Col. Harry Hall today. "Every man is a politician. An experience I had when I was attempting the state in 1896 for McKinley shows how closely tabs are kept. I got off at Greencastle to get a sandwich and met a prosperous looking man at the lunch counter."

"How are things politically?" I asked him.

"Oh, best rate," he said. "We've got 'em this year sure."

"Got whom?" I asked.

"Why, the democrats. We've been fighting them for years, and we've brought the democratic majority in this county down so that we tied 'em last time. This time we'll win 'em."

"Are you sure of it?" I asked.

"Certain," he said, with the utmost conviction. "Why, stranger, three republicans have moved into the county, and there ain't a family in the county with a sick republican in it. We can't lose."—New York World.

LETTER LIST.

Following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the week ending June 21, 1907:

Ladies' List.

Ashbrook, Mrs. Bes. Maunfeld, Mrs. Chas. H. Mallon, Mrs. Baca, Mrs. Teresa Ruiz, Juanita Sanchez, A. de Coffey, Nettie Reed, Fanny Cranmer, Mrs. Doda Sanchez, Felisiana Damon, Nellie Garcia, Mrs. Emma Smith, Mrs. Annie Lopez, Mrs. Josephine Woodward, Jose Miller, Mrs. Annie phine, Murphy, Lodema West, Violet Marez, Celestina

Men's List.

Abbott, Z. N. Moya, R. M. Allice, Reporter The Nelson, Andrew Brockman, Jesse O'rick, T. Chavez, Rosendo Rosh, W. W. Cox, W. G. Ramirez, A. Y. Cordero, Pablo Ramirez, Ynez Egan, D. C. Rayner, Jas. Elder, S. J. Ross, E. A. (2) Fleisher, Chas. Ratschke, Carl Gilles, G. A. Samora, Candelaria Hutchison, Benito Smith, Wm. Tabet Bros. Jones, Downey Taber, Tanous Johnston, J. Vallegos, Lupe Jackson, Dave Valles, Candelaria Knapp, Dr. David Williams, E. Long, Frank White, Jas Lujan, Filomeno Williams, J. Martinez, Francisco Wallace, Dr. E. F.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "Advertised," and give the date of publication.

R. W. HOPKINS, Postmaster

Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, heals burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

Cattle Dipping.

The benefits received from dipping cattle are very numerous. One of the old ranchmen in the southern part of the territory says that since he dipped his cattle they have made larger gains than in any previous year since he has been in the stock business. Another ranchman says that dipping is not only beneficial in the destruction of mange but also of ridding cattle of lice in the summer time and it lessens the attacks



If you want to get well again, you cannot take a better medicine than the Bitters. It is the best health restorer known to science, and will cure Headache, Nervousness, Flatulency, Indigestion and Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it.

of flies and gnats. After cattle have been dipped they should not be allowed to lie down in the old infected corral nor to mingle with diseased cattle. It is better to wait for some time before taking them back to the old range to feed. If these precautions are not insisted it is doubtful whether one or two dipplings with the very best dip that can be secured will assure owners safety from reinfection. For this reason it is of great importance to use all necessary precaution against reinfection.

A NEW SERMON.

I come to preach on the text of love. From the gospel of brotherhood. To help if I may in finding the way. That leads to the higher good: To picture the light that is shining bright. On the Future's upturned face: And to whisper a hope whose breath is as wide as the human race.

It is late. The hour is almost here. When all the races shall rise as one. And shall all join hands from the thousand lands.

That are kissed by a common sea; When the cannon's roar shall be heard no more. And the war flags shall be furled; When the fly white banner of peace shall fly. Over a union of all the world.

For God is weary of war and hate. And the time has come at last. For the race to wake and the chains to break. That bind it unto the past; To list to the Christ that died for men, And to hearken unto the call Of the voice of the common divinity. That sits in the hearts of all.

Across the morn of the century, In visions I turn my gaze. To the heights sublime that the race shall climb. To better and grander days. As earth whirls on from dawn till dawn.

Through the seasons that are to be. There is some sweet day that is on its way. When the whole world shall be free.

There are glimpses of glory in Paradise. But they all are not so bright. As our own dear earth will be, if we Can open the reign of right; If we as brothers will love each other And work as best we can In the glorious labor of lifting our neighbor.

A Splendid Remedy.

Neuralgia, pains, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatic pains yield to the penetrating influence of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It penetrates to the nerves and bone, and being absorbed into the blood, its healing properties are conveyed to every part of the body and effect some wonderful cures. Mr. D. F. Moore, agent Illinois Central railway, Milan, Tenn., states: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism, lumbago, etc., to my family. It is a splendid remedy. We could not do without it." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Cosmopolitan Pharmacy, B. Kuppe.

Uncle Sam Raising Sponges.

The United States is engaged in experiments intended to foster and develop the sponge growing industry in this country.

The only sponge state in America is Florida, off the coast of which lie the great sponge banks. Of late they have not been yielding the quantity desired, so the United States fish commission has set out to plant sponges in Florida Keys.

As yet their efforts have not been rewarded with any great degree of success. The sponges which they plant refuse for some reason to grow but the scientists in the government employ refuse to give up. The United States fish commission ship Fish Hawk is still cruising around Florida waters, and the sponge scientists keep right on planting sponges. By experiment which they are now conducting they intend to demonstrate at what depth a sponge can grow, and they intend to explode the old theory that off the feet is the limit.—Philadelphia North American.

MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Only a Bible, worn and old— A Bible and a lock of hair— More precious to me than gold. For mother's love is written there.

It takes me back to boyhood's day, Again a child at mother's knee, In her sweet and gentle way Teaching her Savior's love to me.

Though her boy is now a man, And many years have passed since she Went to join the angel band, Through the Bible she speaks to me.

Again I hear her voice in prayer, Sorrow, in tremulous tones, her pleas, Beseeking her Savior's loving care For her boy, on bended knees.

But, though I love to dwell On these memories so dear, These are not all it has to tell: A Savior's love is written here.

And when this life of toil is o'er, I, too, shall join the angel band; And upon that golden shore, Dear mother, we will meet again.

Where Criminals Are Heroes.

The Gilbert and Ellise Islands form an interesting group in the Pacific to the north of Fiji and to the east of the Solomon Islands. They are low-lying

of coral formation, and are covered with coconut palms. They contain a population of about 300 foreigners and 35,000 natives. In the Gilbert group there is almost a total absence of crime. Serious offenses in the Gilbert group among the natives are now generally confined to those arising from their daily drinking. During the last five years two murders only—both of natives by natives—in the Gilbert group have been committed. The measures taken to secure the murderers, their trial, sentence and execution, no doubt have been powerful factors in checking murder among a race formerly given to committing murder on very slight provocation—and not infrequently as a pastime. Imprisonment is not followed by social ostracism, but on the contrary, tends to increase social position. Discharged prisoners, on returning to their homes are looked upon as traveled and experienced individuals.

\$15 WORTH OF SHAVES.

Boilermakers' Strike at San Bernardino Has Its Humorous Side.

The San Bernardino San has discovered the humorous side of the strike of boilermakers in that place and tells about it as follows: Even so serious a matter as a strike has its funny side and the latest development in the boilermakers' strike at the Santa Fe shops proves no exception to the rule. When the Santa Fe contracted for men up north to come here and take the strikers' places, they promised in addition to wages of \$5 per day, board, oiling and bathers' services. The company have paid the wages, and lodged and fed the men at the shops, but when it undertook to furnish bathers, there was a hitch. The bathers being union men, declined to go to the shops and shave the newcomers, and as a result, the new men were unshaven and unshowered for more than a week. The company objected to their leaving the shop and coming out to get shaved, and the San Bernardino bathers refused to go to the shops to shave the men, some of whom had begun to look like Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. The bathers gave, as an excuse for not going to the shops and shaving the men, that "the latter have rivet chips in their heads and they would ruin a razor." Even an offer of \$10 per day, made by the company, was declined by the bathers. The situation Sunday night was "whiskers growing and no bathers." But Monday morning brought a change. The new men who shave, came in duty with their faces as smooth and trim as they ever were since they began to use a razor. Evidently the company had succeeded in finding what it had been looking for, namely, a barber, but where he came from its official notice to say, it wasn't long until the union bathers in the city were made acquainted with the fact that the boilermakers had been shaved and shorn, and immediately they started out to find the guilty man. Although they have been searching for two days the guilty party has not been located yet. The few facts obtainable are to the effect that the barber who did the shaving is a man who but recently joined the union, and who came to this city from Los Angeles not long ago. He received \$15 for his time, he furnished the razor, the men furnishing the board and the rivet chips.

Filthy Temples in India.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that is polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at all druggists.

MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Man Found With His Throat Cut Near Raton Not Yet Identified.

In the May 29 issue the Raton Range gave account of the finding, a few days previous, of the body of an aged man, with his throat cut near that city. The man was a total stranger to those parts and had nothing on his person by which he could be identified. The fact that about \$50 in cash and a gold watch were found on the body somewhat dispelled the theory of murder. The man had evidently been in very poor health, and it was generally believed that he was a passenger on the Santa Fe road, and leaving the cars at Raton the day before his dead body was found, wandered up the hills and put an end to his suffering by his own hand.

The body was found in an arroyo where a flood the night before had washed it down from a point unknown, and the knife or razor by which the bloody deed was committed could not be found.

Efforts have been made by the Raton authorities to discover the identity of the dead man, but thus far the efforts have been without result.

Ready to Yield.

"I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles and found it a certain cure," says S. R. Meredith, Willow Grove, Del. Operations unnecessary to cure piles. They always yield to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Cures skin diseases, all kinds of wounds. Accept no counterfeits. J. H. O'Reilly & Co., and B. H. Briggs & Co.

STATEHOOD BILL.

To Be Pushed in the Senate Next Monday.

A Washington dispatch says that Senator Quay declares that he will in all sincerity on Monday move for the consideration of the statehood bill in open senate asking that the territorial committee be discharged.

Last evening he intimated that in postponing the matter until Monday he might not press it, but this morning he declares that it is not his intention to weaken; furthermore he believes that the bill has fair chances of passing.

Delegate Rodey, who has put in great work on the measure, said that there are enough senators pledged for statehood to pass the bill and only the old fashioned respect for senatorial courtesy will keep Senator Quay's motion from success.

Remember the Living. An exchange reminds its readers of their duty to the living thus: People kiss their dead who never stoop to kiss their living; they hover over open caskets with hysterical sobs, but fail to throw the wealth of affec-

tion about those loved ones who are fighting the steep battle of life. How unhesitatingly we permit the opportunity for every ingenuinity into the lives of those we love to pass by. A word of cheer to a struggling soul in life is worth more than all the roses in Christendom upon high on easter's eves. The dead cannot smell the fragrance of the flowers, but the living can. Scatter them broadcast in their pathway, therefore, and pluck out the thorns. A welcome smile a cheery "well done" an affectionate look will cause a rift to break in the lowering cloud and permit the glorious sunshine to gladden the lives of those you love.

READY TO RACE.

Intercollegiate Association Shell Races Will Be Held Today.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 21.—The regatta committee in charge of the intercollegiate association shell races, which take place here today, had everything in readiness at 11 o'clock. Every convenience for the thousands of spectators had been arranged. The observation train of fifty cars were waiting below Highland station, the flags had been fixed on the bridge, two ferry boats, the largest ever seen hereabouts, were "way between the city and the west side of the river and big yachts were getting into place near the finish line.

The races today are scheduled to begin at 3:30, a half hour earlier than has been the custom in the past, the indications pointing to a good ship side at that time. The program laid out is as follows:

3:30 p. m., four oared shells, two miles—Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania.

4:15 p. m., freshmen eight-oared crews, two miles—Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Syracuse and Wisconsin.

5 p. m., varsity eight-oared crews, four miles—Cornell, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Syracuse, Columbia and Georgetown.

A Real Friend.

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for fifteen years," says W. T. Stardevant, of Murry Oaks, N. C. "After I had tried many doctors and medicines to no avail one of my friends persuaded me to try Kodol. It gave immediate relief. I can eat almost anything I want now and my digestion is good. I cheerfully recommend Kodol." Don't try to cure stomach trouble by dieting. That only further weakens the system. You need wholesome, strengthening food. Kodol enables you to assimilate what you eat by digesting it without the stomachic aid. J. H. O'Reilly & Co., and B. H. Briggs & Co.

DIPPING OF STOCK.

Benefits to Be Derived From Cattle and Sheep.

Dipping sheep is no small job when done as it should be to cure scab. For killing ticks a mere swimming through a vat containing dip will answer, but thick crusty scabs will have to be broken up so as to permit the dip to reach the parasite. These parasites are not difficult to kill when reached, but hidden as they are under thick and tough scabs, not all of them are touched and the disease is perpetuated through the few that escape. It is better to deal with scab like the Dutchman who did not go in the boat. He said: "Me untwenty odder felers vent down to de lake, de pont was mate ready, unt all of dem fellers was drownt but me." Upon being questioned on how he happened to escape, he said: "I didn't go in de boat." The best way to cure scab is not to get it by using all sorts of precautions.

COCHITI MINES.

From the Herald.

The hauling of ore to the mill at Cochiti will begin in a few days. Preparations are being made to work the Laura S. mine, belonging to J. A. May.

A number of prospectors have arrived in the district during the past few days.

Fred Cook has secured a lease on the Iron King mine and is getting things in shape to begin work.

Charles Worlen is working the King Solomon No. 1 claim, owned by Fred Goodwin, of Philadelphia.

B. D. Wilson and Henry Lockhart have leased the Crown mine mine and will put a force of men to work immediately.

Colonel Bollett, the veteran prospector and mining man, spent several days in the Pecos last week, inspecting the properties in that region.

A Mosquito Story.

Right at the opening of the fish story season the Genesee, Ill. News editor makes a desperate plunge for the cake in this manner:

Two men were fishing in Rock river. It was in the evening. Mosquitoes came in clouds.

The men plunged into an old steam beller.

The mosquitoes drilled through their tails on the inside. Frantically they worked all night. In the morning they looked out. Every mosquito had been clinched to the beller.

"Now we can fish," said one. When he attempted to emerge the mosquitoes got scared and everyone tried to fly away.

The great boiler rose in the air with the men inside.

They flew toward Green river. It is believed that the outfit landed somewhere in the fastnesses of Jack's branch, north of Geneseo.

Draddled by Law Breakers.

District Attorney Dlewellyn's fame as a public prosecutor preceded him to Denning and for the first two or three days of court every culprit indicted by the grand jury after one long, despairing look at the district attorney entered a plea of guilty. It mattered not if the attorney for their defense was among the best in the district, they didn't seem to desire to take any chances. "A. Dlewellyn don't hang us he will eventually hang the jury," they seemed to say to themselves, "and we don't want that." And withal the able district attorney, to those untainted with crime at least,

What Is the Use

of suffering from indigestion if you eat what you want, or of starving yourself to avoid such distress? Ackles' Dyspepsia Tablets relieve after eating will digest your food in time and free you from all the disagreeable symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia. Eat what you want at any time and take an Acker's tablet after each meal. Positively guaranteed. Your money will always be refunded if you are not satisfied. Write to us for a free sample. W. H. Hooper & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. J. J. O'Reilly & Co., and B. H. Briggs & Co.

appears a pleasant, affable gentleman and one who would go out of his way to perform an official courtesy. We don't understand it. Indeed, guilty consciences must have something to do with it.—Denning Herald.

SHOT HIMSELF.

A Visitor to Taos Ends His Earthly Career With a Bullet.

A stranger, supposed to be Jose de Jesus Cruz, committed suicide Thursday evening about 6 o'clock by shooting himself through the head. The tragedy occurred on the Pueblo road about 200 yards above the postoffice, at Taos. A revolver was used, the bullet entering near the right temple.

Series of Fires.

The fire department was kept busy yesterday. All during the morning the new boxes were being tested and the boys were on pins and needles as to what were tests and which alarms. Last night some one decided to have a private test and pulled box 56. The boys made a fast run through the sand storm and wind and found no fire.

About 4 in the afternoon there was a serious blaze at the shops when the long platform between the machine shops and the transfer tracks caught fire. It took two hours of hard work to get it under control.

New Book of Santa Fe Pictures.

A souvenir book of pictures has been issued by the Santa Fe and distributed among the members of the American Association of Passenger Agents, who were the guests of the Santa Fe at its twenty-ninth annual convention held in November at Los Angeles, Cal. The book is one of the best publications ever issued by the Santa Fe road.

There are hundreds of half-tone cuts never before printed, and made from photographs taken especially for this book. In the book are also numerous "jokes" of interest especially to the men who were on the excursion, as they refer to happenings on the trip.

Happy and Contented.

An eastern exchange says: Ex-Senator Ross, of Kansas, whose vote is said to have saved President Andrew Johnson from impeachment, was a prisoner, S. H. Spooner, of Wisconsin, who is a special agent in the treasury department, was recently in Albuquerque, N. M., and reports that he found Ross there setting type in a small job printing office, happy and contented.

Old Resident.

John Ritter, deputy postmaster at Cochiti, claims to be the oldest resident of New Mexico from the states. Mr. Ritter has been a resident of the territory for fifty-three years, he having arrived in the community department of the United States army for forty years. He is now 75 years of age.

J. E. McLeod, chief clerk of the general storekeeper of the Santa Fe at Topeka, has been in Raton during the past week helping Storekeeper J. F. White in taking inventory on the Rio Grande and New Mexico division. The work of taking stock was completed Thursday and Mr. McLeod left for Topeka yesterday.

The Corralito Register says: A brakeman who had been on duty for forty-eight hours, went to sleep Thursday night on the boarding car at this place and slept so sound that some one entered the department, took his trousers out from under his head and relieved him of \$8.

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